Go through all the corrections again,
copy out a second proof, & finally
set a revision of one chapter for wrong.
Do you see, Kitty, & lend the shade of
Your ~~aff~~ ~~&~~ august aunt Stella
to this unfortunate. I gather
your life as an artist is now all
triumph & jubilee. But then
You feel more of the Wreckers —
a thing I've never felt with my works.
And why does one do them? That,
as precisely I shall myself as I reach
page 327. or shall do when I
reach it tomorrow morning.
And if friendship is fatuity, & selling
futile, & art futile what remains?
Work for me at the moment — a
walk on the downs. To Jowett by
& let me know about plans.
V.

Rota 2.V.63

NYPL

Monks Moore, ~~The~~ Monday.
18 Aug 1931

Another suggestion:
My mother-in-law is not
coming on Monday.
How would it be if you
came here on Monday?
instead of lunching in London —
which would be a rush, —
full of interruptions.
L. says there is a bus which
leaves Brighton at 2.35.
passes Rottingdean somewhere
about 5 to 3; a packet
Rodmell at 20 to 4.
We could have a quiet tea &
talk in the garden here, till you
want to catch your train
at Lewes. If this is not

possible, we will stick to the
Coach in London: in which
Case with you arrive at
52 at 1.

Let me know which: ~~or~~
~~or~~. remembering
that I leave here on
Friday before the
morning post.

You must verify the hour arrival
of the Bus at Rotting:
But it pains Hugh Rodwell says

Rota 2.4.63

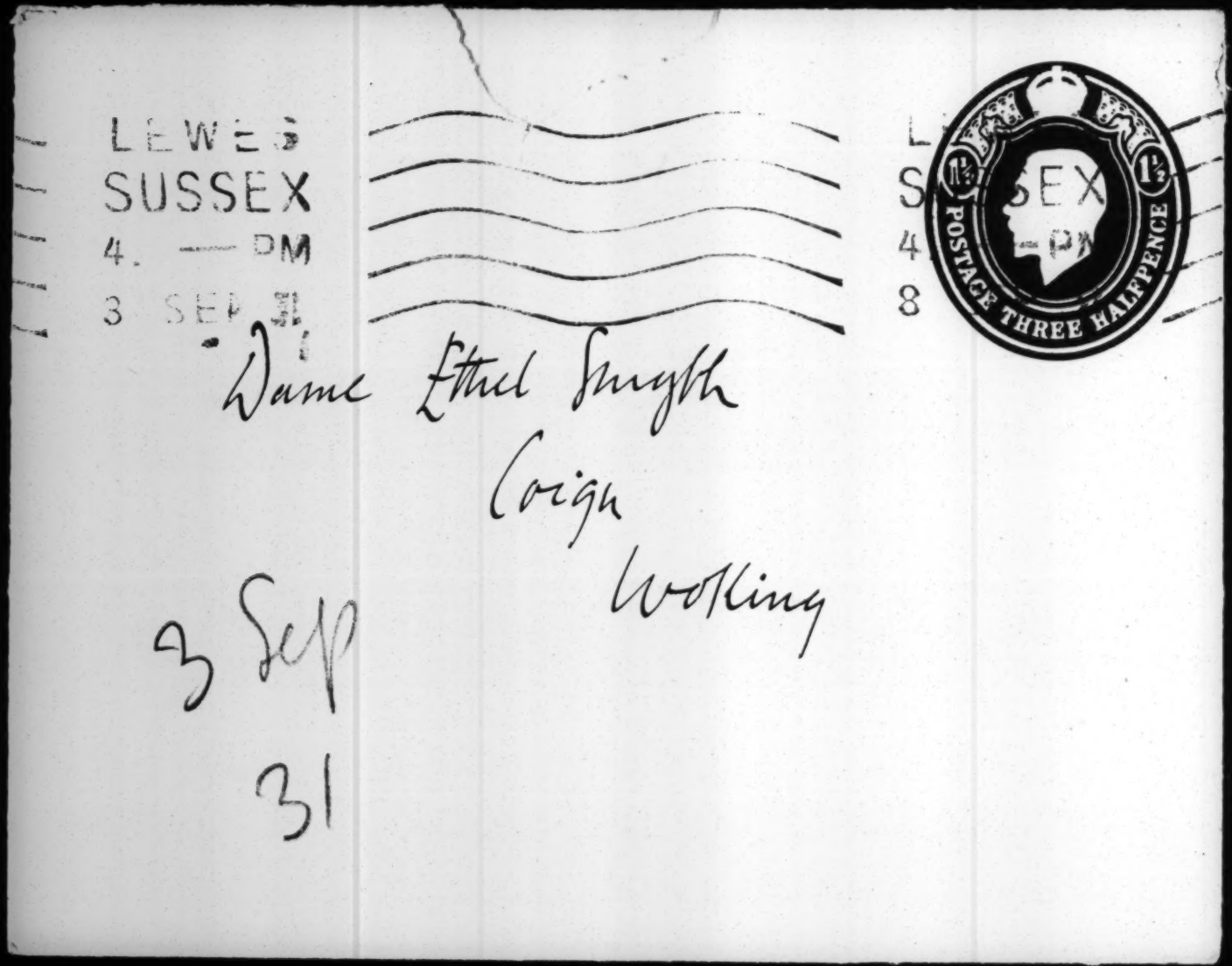
NYPL

Monks Horton Sunday aug 30. 1931

The photographs are now being printed
I'll put them in, & L. has done them. The negatives
look good. I can wait, because I'm in
bed: I shall be for a few days (headache)
hence good for: hence general unhealthy.
The parcel came safe. Wonderful woman!
I've got a lot to say about God, but wait
a little - it at the moment
And I expect you've no time to read.
Otherwise letters would be acceptable

Love this pen.

V.


LEWES
SUSSEX
4. — PM
3 SEP 31
POSTAGE THREE HALFPENCE
Dame Ethel Smyth
Coign
Woking
3 Sep
31

Manchester Avenue
Wednesday
23 xbr 1930

Well, here are the proofs - What d'you think of them?
I think one of them magnificent, but won't say which, as you
may hate them all. Why did you tear up the Wreckers
Letter? I've often told you, letters are a way of penetrating deeps
for those who are, like me, blind: into the dark damp ~~[illegible]~~ caves
of your soul. No, the headache isn't the period -
how you love periods, ugh, & excrement of all sorts - it interests me -
I'm sorry into that in my life of you - not the period but God. I was
struck with a brilliant idea: words, words: he snapped his
fingers at my head. Lord, I said, I will write. Then he
altogether took from me the power of adding word to word.
So I went to bed. A head like wood instead gone like
fire - that's just God. what he likes is to take away. It
destroys. It just has fun playing - 2 days of it
Kay in bed till Monday God will let me alone for
another 6 months. But no: bed, with Frankie -
Night. Valkyrie for my companion; bed with
God for my protector, is intolerable. I'm up, but
dont dare go to the Lodge, write. That letter suspended
therefore is doomed. I shall never catch it again.
And it ramis: a what is life
without writing?

I was highly amused, & ~~secretly flattered~~ maliciously pleased by your letter, saying how you had never ~~found~~ seen me in such good condition – so brave, wise, cheerful & healthy (I mean spiritually, not bodily). Lord Ethel – that day you came down to bother, so irritated & in a rage about everything (unexpectedly as it had turned out) that I almost hurt you all; thought I could never sit an after noon & talk art; had a mind, as they sit down to explain, to cancel; almost wrote to ask pardon for having given you such a wretched time: and you knew nothing! Then you talk of your insight – & then you wonder that I don't want to see you again – & how you wonder that I don't want to see you have 2 hearts – How we sit in dark tunnels, tapping at the wall. But do tell me why that visit was so momentous – I thought you must be bored, disillusioned, a cautious least restrained.

You have Style. Never a post card without it. It is so slight & droops the sentence: ~~You see~~ where the accent falls, the full stop. Ah, how beautifully you write your way from phrase to phrase! When one ~~feels~~ feels the something remote, reserved, keen, that Style. And, I think, almost the only permanent quality, the one that survives. That Satisfies. And now why was that visit momentous?

V.

NYPL
ROTCH 2.41.63

4th. Sep 1931

Monks House, Friday.

Very glad you like one of the pictures. I think I know which. If you want it reproduced, let me know, & we'll get a special print done.

No no no — you can't ride off like that — thinking you'd such a fine psychologist — your words (here's your letter before me) are: "face so smooth & hard-fleshed, so un-harried, such confidence. — Dearest V. I was glad to see this

(

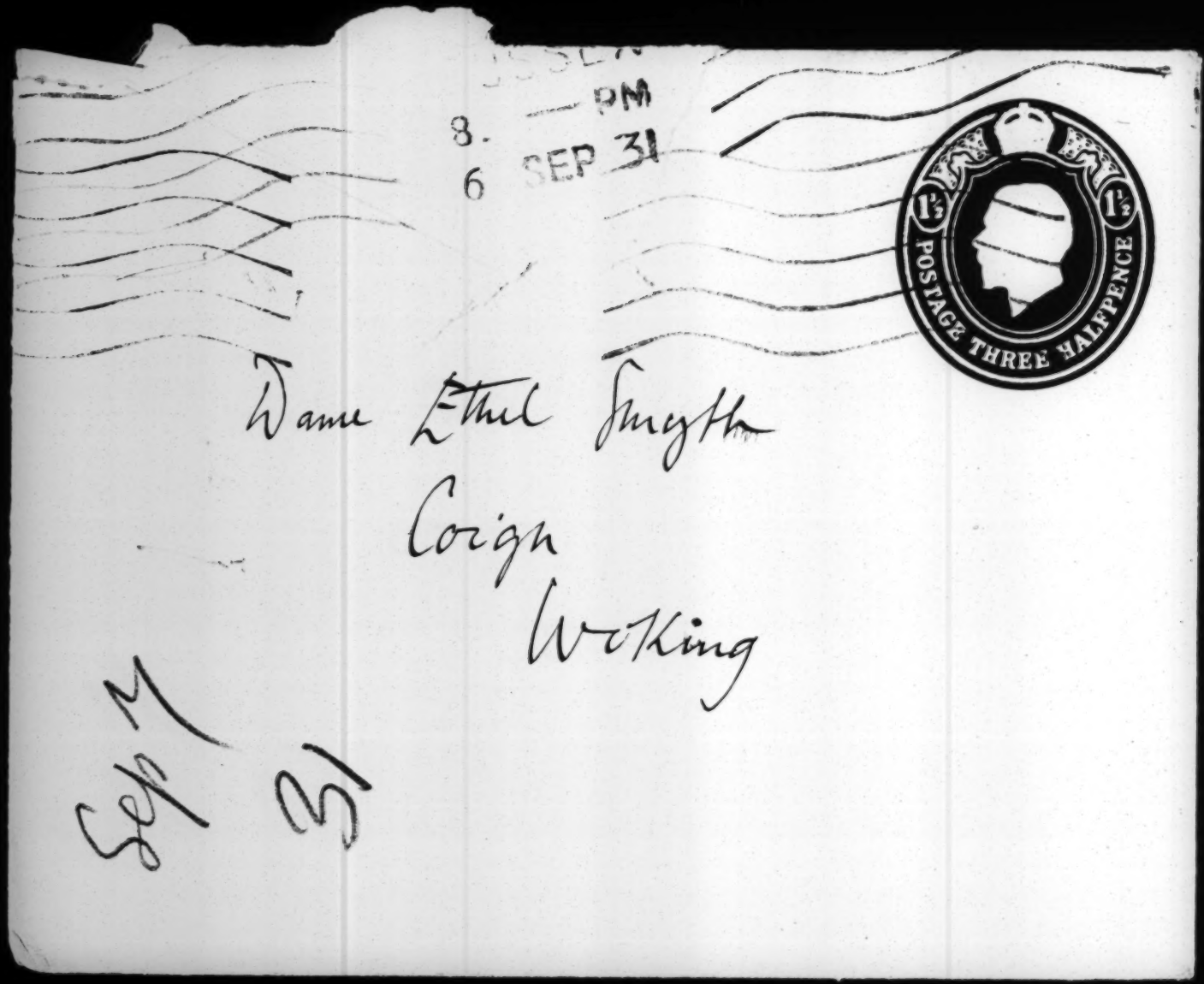
& to feel your spirit is in similar condition"

when my spirit was torn, rapped, distracted.
A fig for your psychology, I say!

NYPL

No: you're a complicated hexagon & heroine and —
Are came in to the orchard yesterday & let L.
Catch him. He — a She — was brought to me,
& I said instantly "That's Ethel!" The
Creature looks wise I admit, & doubtless thinks
thickly omniscient.

Rota 2.4.63


8.
PM
6 SEP 31
POSTAGE THREE HALFPENCE
Dame Ethel Smyth
Coign
Woking
Sep 7
31

Monks Horton - Sunday 7th Sept 1931

Well, well, Ethel dear, have it your own way. Be a
miracle of psychological acuteness if you will, only
why, if you saw all that you say you saw, you didn't
catch the early train but stayed on to dinner I can't
think - unless indeed, as I expect, the fascination of the
new born babe detained you - I think I know what that
enfant is, & shall wait its development with silent
expectation. As for your brilliant medical diagnosis -
that headache is caused by inspiration why then did I have
two fairly Comfortable attacks earlier in the month when
Inspiration was miles away - & inspiration it was,
Or do headaches indicate the distant approach of that
delightful state? - Anyhow, inspiration has gone, & I
doubt that it will ever occur again - a mercy to be
thankful for.

But here I come to a solemn statement - I mean one
I intend to abide by - never again to mention the subject of my
health to you. If I'm struck stricken by Cancer, typhoid or
hydrophobia, you will no doubt be notified on a
postcard by Leonard. And this leads to a request, which
I've meant to make this many a day, - that [illegible]
in future don't speak of my health to me, or say if
I'm looking well, or ill, or tell me what other people
say. In short, from today (Sunday 6th Sept) I